

THE TIMES.

VOL. IV. No. 48.}

GREENSBORO, N.C., for the Week Ending December 3, 1859.

{ Whole No. 201

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO—

Bright are thine eyes, love,
Bright is their beam,
Time quickly flies, love,
If they on me gleam;
Happy am I, love,
When Love's light rests on me,
If sitting near by, love,
Thou 'rt gazing upon me.

Sweet is thy smile, love,
Winning and dear,
Would all the while, love,
I could linger near!
Life's darkest hours, love,
The looks beguiling,
Vanish like showers, love,
When thou art smiling!

Fair is thy form, love,
Fair's the truth,
In thee, bright and warm, love,
Gleams beauty's youth;
In vain envy tries, love,
Of beauty to free thee,
Happy am I, love,
When I can see thee!

Soft is thy voice, love,
Musical, clear,
How I rejoice, love,
When I hear it;
Those moments are blest, love,
When I am near thee,
When in sweet rest, love,
I can but hear thee!

On thy fair cheek, love,
Blooms beauty's flower,
When thou dost speak, love,
Love rules with power;
Would that o'er, love,
Sweet as the vesper,
I could but hear, love,
From thee, love's soft whisper!

SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

Each family of negroes has a house or cabin of its own, generally with sufficient garden ground, piggery, henry, and so forth. These cabins are often made of logs, as in our cut, but sometimes are neat and cozy frame buildings. They are usually placed at suitable intervals, in rows, or double rows with a wide street between. When it pleases the occupant to keep their houses so, they are pleasant enough, surrounded with neat palings and well protected by the beautiful shade trees of the country. Here, as in old Albion, their house is their castle, and rarely does even the master know anything of their domestic affairs except when bad conduct or sickness makes it necessary for them to be looked after. They are constitutionally joyous and *insouciant*; and it is often pleasant to witness their glad, thoughtless recreations as the twilight of the evening hours set in.

They are supplied even under the requirements of the law, with a reasonable amount of clothing, and ample rations of food are served out every week. These consist chiefly of meal, rice, vegetables, molasses, bacon, fish and coffee, according to their wants and occupations. Most of them have a surplus of these staple articles of diet, which they exchange at the nearest store for nick-nacs more to their liking.

Sunday is the great gala day of the negroes, always excepting the annual festival at Christmas. At this time they interchange visits with relatives and friends on neighboring plantations, generally bearing with them some present or other; most often of an edible character, as a turkey, a chicken, a goose, a cake or a confection. Whether at home or abroad, however, on Sunday, they are pretty sure to repair to the church when an accessible one is open.

The following, from a recent letter writer, gives a glimpse at social life:

"Not long ago, I attended a funeral of an aged female slave. About the grave were gathered some two score of negroes; and as the coffin descended into the tomb, the moistened eye of every one bespoke the touched heart; and an old man, with half choked utterance, said: 'Cry not, my friends, our sister has gone from us, but we must



NEGRO CABIN IN VIRGINIA.

meet her deader side of de grave. De great Master has sent for her, and she is now at home. God grant we be dere too!" The chips made in constructing the coffin were burned in a fire made for the purpose in the open air, as they believe that death will soon enter the family on whose hearth-stone they are burned. Several weeks after the burial the sermon is preached. Crowds of slaves attend, and all are treated abundantly to refreshments of every kind.

"An old servant, who often speaks of the surrender at Yorktown, and of the scenes that were witnessed at the time by him—and who told me that he learned to read when he went with his young master to college—now that he is exempt from labor, spends his time in reading his bible, and in fighting his battles over again." I often see him of a Sunday evening, surrounded by an audience of his own race, reading and explaining the Scriptures to them; and they, in the meantime, manifest their appreciation of the sacred word, by looks of the most active interest, and expressions of joy and comfort."

Eloquence of the Late Wm. T. Haskell.

A correspondent of the Columbus (Miss.) Democrat, furnishes the following interesting communication concerning two of the most gifted orators that ever lived in the South:

It is but justice to the memory of Col. Haskell to say that the warmest impulses of his noble nature were always directed to the South and to Southern interests; not that he loved the *Northern Cesar less*, but that he loved the *Southern Rome more!* It was the long-cherished and often-expressed wish of his heart to canvass several other of the States adjoining his own.

He desired to meet the people of the South face to face, that he might exchange those friendly greetings, that can only be felt and appreciated in personal interviews. Ah! well do I know, chivalric brotherhood of Mississippi, the reception which his burning eloquence would have secured for him in your generous and impulsive natures. I have seen vast multitudes coming forth to meet him when traveling through Tennessee. It seemed like the spontaneous ovations given to the grand march of a conquering hero, returning fresh from the crimson fields of his country's glory.

You, Mississippians, who have heard the lamented Prentiss, when, like an inspired improvisatore he was pouring forth his grand extempore—epic poems, (for such was his wonderful style)—you that have seen and heard him, when his face was absolutely transfigured and radiant with intellectual light, when by the irresistible power of his daring flights you seemed as if you were being lifted bodily from your seats and borne with him on the swift wings of his eagle imagination to the very sun! To such of you, I repeat, as have feasted upon the intellectual banquets spread out before you by the prodigal genius of Sergeant S. Prentiss, a just and adequate conception has been given of his great contemporary and rival, Wm. T. Haskell.

It required no previous training of the mind, no plodding research after hidden resources for these great natural orators to speak; they only wished for an elevated, a noble subject to call them forth, and then their thoughts, prompt and vivid as the live lightning, at once glorious, concentrated and embodied, sprang, without any prelude or flourish of trumpets, like Minerva, the Goddess of War, full armed from the tempestuous brain of Jove!

I have seen Haskell, when fully aroused to some great effort, approaching nearer to the matchless oratory of Mr. Prentiss than any other speaker I ever had the pleasure of listening to. Yes, I imagine that I see Haskell now in the midst of a thousand upturned faces, when all were pressing eagerly upon him, closer and closer, as if determined not to lose the faintest word that might fall from his fervid lips; such was the breathless interest manifested when on a certain occasion he was describing the night portion of the bombardment of Vera Cruz. It required no effort of my imagination at all to hear the distant boom of cannon, the crash of shattering and falling timbers, the cries of alarm, the shrieks of women and children in the far off beleaguered city—the blazing and flashing of bomb-shells as they streamed through the midnight air, passing and repassing each other in such rapid succession that they formed a *literal network of fire*, over the doomed castle of San Juan de Ulloa—exploding sometimes in mid-air, falling in a thousand brilliant coruscations, making the sublime and awful scene for miles away

both seaward and landward look like a poet's idea of the final doom, or rather as if some dread, infernal prototype of the grim old monster Vesuvius had burst without a moment's warning up from his central fires to destroy the contending armies in a cataract of molten lava!

Oh, how my heart glowed in earnest sympathy with the great orator, when assuming as he did, the delightful task of reflecting back the grateful feeling of the whole country upon Winfield Scott, the master spirit of military prowess, on that memorable occasion, from the fact that the heretofore impregnable old fortress of San Juan, that for years had frowned a grim and bristling cannon defiance to all former foes, was now made to shake and tremble from turret to foundation stone, and finally to surrender amid that furious iron blast of genuine American thunder!

The history of that magnificent bombardment is still fresh in our memories, but the description of the stupendous scene as given by Col. Haskell, in one of his great harangues to the people of Tennessee, impressed upon the minds of all who heard it, an idea of his descriptive powers in eloquence, that will never be forgotten.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Letters as Indices of Character.

BY WANDERER.

I have often beguiled many a weary hour by reperusing the letters I had received from various sources in years gone by. To a great extent a letter is the index of character, at least so I have found it to be. But one must understand how to read character as well as how to read a letter, else we are liable to misconstrue honorable sentences and paragraphs into those of ignorance and folly. Because a letter is written in a bold, defiant hand, it does not follow that the writer thereof is a bold, defiant person. On the contrary, the author may be of the kindest disposition and the most retiring in manner. It is the union of words, the joining of sentences and the general tone of the missive that gives the careful student of human nature an insight into the character of his correspondent, though both parties may be total strangers to each other.

Among the letters in my possession, I extract the following paragraph from

one of them, it being a fair sample of the entire letter:

"Sir, I shall attend to your business without further instructions from you. I will forward my draft to you, on Mr. Brown, at my earliest convenience.—Your suggestion in regard to the improvement of the bog-meadow was acted upon."

A glance, or a simple perusal of the above, especially when the wheels of business are slow in their movements and continually sticking fast in financial ruts, would convey the impression that the writer was self-wise, and wished it understood that he knew how to manage affairs just as well and perhaps a little better than his employer: and further, that he was not to be hurried, but at his own "convenience" would send his draft. The brevity of expression in the last sentence of the extract would seem to say, "I don't thank you for your 'suggestion' in regard to 'bog-meadow,' and had I not coincided I should not have acted upon it." Such an interpretation of the extract would wrong the writer of it. He was a man of warmest feeling, modest to a fault, retiring in disposition, unassuming in his manner and even willing at great sacrifices to oblige a friend. With these qualities he united those of brevity, honesty, strict attention to business, and kindness. A second reading of the extract will...
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one first conveyed by a hurried perusal of it.

As a true friend and a worthy man the writer of the letter spoken of occupied a high position. The seeming sternness of the letter denoted integrity of purpose, and its seeming indifference and brevity marked the desire to do well and not to intrude a lengthy letter upon a business man where a few sentences, well expressed, would do as well. Such was the character of the man, and his letters are the bright indices thereof.

This simple sketch may serve to lead some of the readers of the "Times" to reflect, after reading their correspondence, before they judge of the intentions of the writer. In all cases it is best to do so; nothing can be lost, while much may be gained, by pursuing such a course. The study of human nature aided by the sure light of man's thoughts as he transfers them to paper, will prove a pretty sure criterion by which to judge of character.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "Mr. W. Howitt and his family have of late become confirmed spiritualists, and I suppose, ghostseers. Appropos of ghosts, it may interest those of your readers who are greedy of the supernatural to know that the very startling story in a recent number of Blackwood, called 'The Haunted and the Hauntings, or the House and the Brain,' was from no less a pen than Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's. He, too, is a confirmed spiritualist—a believer in spirits, media, disembodied hands, and the rest of the Cagliostro-like paraphernalia of Mr. Hume, of spiritual notoriety. Sir Edward's London ghost story, in Blackwood, opened capitally; but it was marred by pitching up the terror too big. Horror was, in fact, accumulated on horror's head, till the imagination protested against so much 'perilous stuff.' The tale involved a theory to which I presume we may infer Sir E. B. Lytton lends a certain amount of faith—the power of minds at a distance to manifest their will, in a mysterious and awful manner, on the minds of others present on the scene of momentous actions in which the haunter has borne a part. To those of your readers who have not read the story in question, let me recommend it as a surer night more than Feseli's supper of raw pork chops."

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 25th, '59.

Thanksgiving day—Harper's Ferry Excitement again—Commission of Patents—The Jews and Sunday.

Yesterday, being Thanksgiving day, was observed here with much order: In the forenoon there was divine service in all the Churches of the City, attended by large congregations; and in the afternoon the streets and avenues were filled with persons, mostly of the working class; it was a most delightful day. Last night there were quite a number of balls given, which passed off very pleasantly; in a word every one seemed to enjoy "Thanksgiving" very much; the various Departmental offices were of course closed, and no business of any kind was transacted throughout the day.

During the past week there has been much excitement here, in consequence of the news of an outbreak, at Charlestown Va., received on last Saturday—Large numbers of military companies were soon at the place of disturbance, but the news proved to be a false alarm growing from the fact that several incendiary fires had taken place in the vicinity of Charlestown, some of which were very destructive. A few of the companies have returned to their respective homes, whilst several others have remained to guard the town in case of an attempt to rescue Old Brown.

Hon. William D. Bishop, Commissioner of Patents, has left this City on a brief visit to his home in Bridgeport Connecticut. S. T. Shugert, Esq. chief clerk, will perform the duties of the post during Mr. Bishop's absence.

A number of Jews in this City wrote a letter to Mayor Heret last week asking if they could not open their stores and places of business on Sunday, as they always close them on Saturday, that being their Sabbath; answered that as it was against the law for any business to be transacted on Sunday, he could not allow them to open their stores on that day.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1859.

The State Election—Broderick Funeral—The Great Balloon—Charter Election—Old Brown—Prayers for Treason—The Weather—Methodist Missionary Society.

As I predicted some time since, the "machines" have been "smashed." Eight of the nine State Officers selected by the Utica, or American Convention, have been elected, in spite of a bitter opposition by both parties; and had there been any exertion made by the American party the whole ticket would have been elected by a very large majority. While it is a triumph for the Americans, it is no victory only in a national sense, showing conclusively, as it does, that even in the great Empire State *sectionalism* is in a minority and that in 1860 a man of national principles must be selected for President. In the State both parties will be troubled with a weak backbone, and one will be watched by the other, and beneficially for the people.

The Broderick mock funeral passed off on Sunday, very greatly against the wishes of many of his friends, and a large portion of the firemen themselves, being opposed to Sunday parades. The oration for the same cause was listened to by about 200 persons. The procession, however, was large and imposing. It may afford consolation to a *dead man*, if he can be assisted by spiritualists, to know that to be killed in a duel is to be immortalized on Sunday!

The great balloon is like the Great Eastern—a big balloon (and ship)—that's about all. One has lost its breath twice, and flattened down on the ground; the other tried to do something several times and failed, having weathered only one storm one hour.

The city is in great commotion just now on the charter election, where about three millions of stealings are at stake. Fernando Wood is standing candidate for Mayor, and has made a liberal bid for all law and Sabbath breakers to support him, which they will certainly do, and they are "legion." Tammany Hall has nominated Mr. Havemeyer, a very good and worthy man, who has served before, and very acceptably. The Republicans have put up a Mr. Opdyke a very clever man and merchant, and there will be half a dozen more two-and-sixpenny candidates. As it is, Wood will be elected, and the Republicans responsible for it, for with a democratic majority of 25,000 the Republicans stand about as good a chance to succeed as the big balloon has of getting to Europe; yet, like old Brown, they are half deranged.

Brown seems to be a great hero now, and prayers are made for the "martyr," the "saint" and the "defender of freedom." Some very weak tears are extorted from very silly heads on the subject.

The weather has been exceedingly mild and beautiful.

The Bishops and members of the Missionary Society, at their late meeting in this city, held a very interesting meeting,

and increased their appropriations over last year something over \$21,000.

Provisions are abundant and moderately cheap. Money is plenty, but among the working classes not to be had.

Respectfully yours, E.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., November 28th.

The Difficulties of our Relations with Mexico—Thanksgiving day—Leaving the State want of a Remedy—Sad event—Extraordinary fossil—Profitable cotton—Large sale of Negroes.

Dear Times: The present state of our relations, and indeed those of every other nation with Mexico is such as to defy the most astute politician to unravel them, and, at the same time, to excite the most lively concern in the breast of every one who loves his country's welfare. The recent outrages on the lives and property of our citizens at Brownsville, Texas, destroying their houses, putting them in prison and driving off their stock, to say nothing of the invasion of our territory by armed forces, all these acts of hostility demand the most rigorous measures from our Government. Then the question arises how is redress to be obtained, punishment for these crimes to be inflicted, or any guarantee against their repetition to be demanded; there is no responsible authority, no supreme head of the State, no body who can do anything or from whom any thing can be expected. All the leaders seem alike incapable of exercising any authority, putting down any mob, or of doing any thing except getting up a "pronunciamento," being President a few days, stealing as much of public money as they can get hold of, and then retiring to give way to some other ruler, more avacious and less reliable, if possible, than his predecessor. Unhappy Mexico! Like Italy, "cursed with fatal gift of beauty" and wealth, time after time, she has been the slave of unprincipled tyrants, each of whom has deceived, betrayed and ruined her in turn; and now, like a frail and unfortunate beauty, her virtue, wealth and strength lost, she is banded, kicked and cast off by those whom she might formerly have commanded, until she at length may find some obscure sink of corruption and iniquity, where there is no longer depth. It is even difficult to conjecture how we can secure our border line, the Rio Grande; if this be not of itself defence enough, how can we secure it? True, we might seize the other side, but here the same difficulty is presented; we shall have to take the surrounding country to enable us to hold in peace what we have thus acquired. The condition of the country, of the army and of our finances is not such as would render such aggressive steps as these either popular or expedient; nevertheless, even in view of the evils entailed on us by the last war with Mexico, in the forced crop of heroes and statesmen, with which we are plagued, we cannot say that it is unadvisable to give some congenial employment to some of those excitable and restless spirits, who indulge themselves in such harmless sport as that at Harper's Ferry.

"Thanksgiving" was a most beautiful day here, and was duly celebrated by the various churches and by the individual members, around the dinner table afterwards. Thirty States and Territories united on the 24th, besides several cities of Virginia: those who did not, were Arkansas, Louisiana, Virginia, Missouri and California, and we hope they yet may find a cause and a suitable day to express their thanks for the year's benefits. At the North and in New England, this festival occupies a much more important place in the public estimation, than with us and indeed there it almost supersedes Christmas.

We have recently been quite forcibly struck seeing what a number of young men of talents, means and standing are daily leaving the State to seek wider and richer fields; we can safely say that within the last month we can count a dozen men, who have gone from this section out west and we know of others bound North and South; not one of these will ever probably return or spend a dollar in this State again, and we very naturally inquire when and where all this will end and what will be the result of its continuance?

Can any one calculate what would be the amount of emigration from this State to Cuba in case she should come into the Union? Can nothing be done to induce our young men who have been born, bred, and raised here to spend their time, money and talents in and for their native State? It is happy for us, indeed, that so many of our sons go abroad; they spread the reputation of our State and, acting up to the principles here instilled, they become living lights, showing forth the honor and glory of their Ancient Mother; in many of the states, to be a North Carolinian is to be all that is noble and true.

A most shocking event took place here on Tuesday morning last. Mr. Lewis E. Henry, only son of the late Hon. L. D. Henry, died in consequence of an overdose of Opium, administered by himself, every face was veiled in sorrow at the sadness, for no one knew the unfortunate man, without loving him; grown up amongst us he was universally regarded as one whom we could ill afford to lose, so grace-

ful, kind, polite and amiable, he has gone to the "land where all things are forgotten." He had recently purchased a farm in this neighborhood, was only 29 years old and leaves a wife and family in Norfolk, where his father resides.

A gentleman recently showed us a broad piece of gold, being the third dug from the same spot on his plantation in Warren; it had the appearance of Spanish or Portuguese ducat, but was so much cut and worn, its character was hardly ascertainable: it was worth 13 or 14 dollars.

Our friend A. T. Miat, of this county, after exhibiting a bale of his cotton at our fair and those at Petersburg and Norfolk and obtaining therefor \$65 in prizes, sold it at Norfolk for some \$55—say \$120 for a bale Wake county cotton.

Mr G W. Mordecai sold the other day at one time one hundred and six of his negroes for \$80,000—enough to stock a large farm; he has plenty more of the same sort left. Yours &c. P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 21st 1859.

The capture of Brownsville—Continued Fires—Opening of the Theatre d'Orleans—Sugar Crop.

The news of the capture and sack of Brownsville on the Rio Grande, is received here with deep concern. Many suppose that Corcoran and his band of outlaws are in some way leagued with the mad wretches at Harper's Ferry, who are shortly to expire their crimes upon the gallows, but in the best informed quarters very little credit is given to this rumor. The wrongs of the people of Brownsville will doubtless meet with prompt redress at the hands of the U. S. Gov't., and it is probable that this matter will seriously complicate our relations with Mexico. At all events it will have the effect of concentrating American settlers along the Rio Grande frontier, so as to render that portion of the country safe from the incursions of Mexican marauders in the future.

Fires daily continue to desolate the fairest districts of our city. If this remorseless reign of incendiarism should continue, in the course of a year, half of New Orleans will be in ruins. The citizens, however, are taking vigorous measures to establish a patrol, and in other respects to keep a vigilant watch over their dwellings. The great scarcity of water in the portion of the city where the late conflagrations have taken place, renders such a plan of safety spreading doubly imminent.

The old opera house, known as the Theatre d'Orleans, opened on Thursday night with *Robert le Diable*. The company is one of peculiar excellence. Every body here is now on the *qui vive* to witness the opening of the new opera house, which will take place in the course of a few days.

The sugar crop is a very bountiful one, and the merchants are very busy, shipping thousands of hogsheads, which teach our wharves daily.

STYX.

THE VIRGINIA ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has recently held its annual session in the city of Lynchburg. This body now consists of some hundred and ninety members, twenty young men having at the present Session entered the work of the ministry in that branch of the Christian church. Only one member of the Conference has died during the past year—that being the Rev. Wm Reed, an old, faithful and much loved preacher.

Bishop Early, the veteran soldier of the Cross, presided over the deliberations of the body—and for ability and decision of character he has few equals in connection with the church. Letter writers from the city to different papers in the State, speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of the Lynchburgers—and of their efforts to accommodate the ministers and others in attendance on the deliberations of the Conference.

The reports of the different Committees give evidence of an increase in the various fields of the labor of this branch of the church, and seem to be of a most satisfactory character.

A SAMPLE OF THE "SYMPATHY."—A better illustration of "free soil" sympathy has not been lately seen than that described in the following paragraph about a misguided lady from North Carolina:

"An old lady, Mrs. Frances Kindred, is now an inmate of the Warren County (Ohio) Poor House. She formerly resided in Anson County, N. C., and was rich in lands and negroes, but has spent all her property in liberating her slaves. In 1852 she went to Hillsborough, Ohio, with her last slave. She has since become so reduced in circumstances as to be compelled to take refuge in a poor house. She and her friends now appeal to philanthropists to contribute enough to get her out of the poor house and place her in a more tolerable institution. Mrs. Kindred is now eighty-three years old."

WILMINGTON & MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—The Wilmington Herald says the Stockholders of the Wilmington & Manchester Rail Road Co., passed a resolution authorizing the Directors to subscribe \$15,000 to the proposed line of steamers between that port and New York, provided the Wilmington & Weldon Road subscribe \$30,000.

A resolution was also passed that application be made to the Legislature of North and South Carolina, for the passage of a law exempting the employees of the W. & M. Road, from all Jury and public duties, and the negroes hired by said Co., from working the public roads.

The President's salary was raised from \$2,000 to \$3,000 per annum, from and after this date.

Messrs. Geo. R. French, J. M. Timmons and Jno. McRae, Jr., were appointed Auditing Committee for the ensuing year.

The meeting then proceeded to the election of President and Directors, and Thos. D. Walker, was unanimously re-elected President.

The old Board of Directors were re-elected, viz:

John Dawson, Jno. A. Taylor, H. Nutt, and N. N. Nixon, of Wilmington; Alfred Smith, of Columbus; J. Eli Gregg, G. J. W. McCall, J. D. Moore, W. P. Mays, and E. W. Charles of S. C.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER INDIAN.—Sackville, N. S., November 25. The steamer Indian, from Liverpool for Portland, which struck a sea ledge on Monday last and was totally lost, had on board 38 passengers and a crew of 100 souls. Her cargo amounted to 800 tons, with some specie.

A half hour after striking she parted amidships. Her passengers and crew took to the boats. One boat capsized, drowning several persons. Another was stove alongside the steamer. Two other boats, without passengers and sailors, drifted to sea, and have not since been heard from.

The schooner Alexander arrived at Halifax yesterday, with 24 rescued persons on board. The number of lives lost is not yet known.

The schooner Lutea, which went to the assistance of the Indian, was wrecked on the breakers. Crew saved.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.

THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market.

Messrs. ALFRED GREENLEAF and HOUSEMANS, are Agents for the Quaker City Machine and House Makers.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the use of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsyth, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agent for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents. Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd, 1859.

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON Brooklyn Heights, 106 Pierrepont St. Corner of Clinton.

ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., } Principals.
EDWARD E. BRADBURY, A. M., }

This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.

For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above.

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3-3mp)

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER MONTHS.—The best book for Agents, to persons out of employment.

An elegant Gift for a Father to Present to his Family! Seal for One Copy, and try it among your Friends!

WANTED.—Agents in every section of the United States, to circulate Sears' Large Type Quarterly Bible, for Family Use—Entitled The People's Pictorial Domestic Bible, with about One Thousand Engravings!!

This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works.—It will, no doubt, in a few years become *The Family Bible of the American People*.

The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. It will be sold by subscription only.

Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied.

Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy.—On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well-bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded by express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon, and Texas.

Register your Letters, and your money will come safe.

In addition to the Pictorial Bible, we publish a large number of Illustrated Family Works, very popular, and of such a high moral and unexceptionable character, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a Public Benefit, and receive a Fair Compensation for their labor.

Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post paid).

ROBERT SEARS,

181 William Street, New York.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

THE GLOBE: THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF CONGRESS!

I publish now my annual prospectus of the Daily Globe and the Congressional Globe and Appendix, to remind Subscribers, and inform those who may desire to subscribe, that Congress will meet on the 1st day of next December, when I shall commence publishing the above named papers. They have been published so long, that most public men know their character, and therefore I deem it needless to give a minute account of the kind of matter they will contain.

The Daily Globe will contain a report of the debates in both branches of Congress as taken down by reporters equal, at least, to any corps of short-hand writers in this or any other country. A majority of them will, each, be able to report, *verbatim*, ten thousand words an hour, while the average number of words spoken by fluent speakers rarely exceed seven thousand five hundred an hour. When the debates of a day do not make more than forty-five columns, they will appear in the Daily Globe of the next morning, which will contain also, the news of the day, together with such editorial articles as may be suggested by passing events.

The Congressional Globe will contain a report of all the debates in Congress revised by the speakers, the messages of the President of the United States, the annual reports of the heads of the Executive Departments, the laws passed during the session, and copious indexes to all. They will be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages. The whole will make, it is believed, between 3,800 and 3,900 pages; the long sessions for many years past having ranged between those numbers, and the next session will be a long one. This, I believe, is the cheapest work ever sold in any country, whether a reprint, or printed from manuscript copy, taking for *data* the average number of words of the long session since the year 1848. The average number of pages is 3,876 and the average number of words on a page is 2,397, consequently the average number of words of a long session is 9,290,773. As I have sold to subscribers that number of

THE TIMES.



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Dec. 3, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, Editors and Proprietors

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARETHREE, D. D.
W. R. HUNTER,
J. ST. L. MCKEEAN,
M. H. SHOURNEY,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
S. C. COLE, M. S.
MARY W. JANIBEK,
WILLIE E. PAROB,
TOMAS COLE,
C. G. DUNN,
ANNA M. GATES,
GRANVILLE MCGOWD,
M. L. M. HUTCHINSON,
ED. ST. GEORGE COOKE,
M. C. F. COLE,
GRIFFITH J. MORRE,
and others.

GEO. W. COOTMAN,
STEPHEN F. MILLER,
PROF. E. V. ROCKWELL,
MATTHEW ROBERTSON,
FLETCHER JOHNSON,
LOTTE LINWOOD,
CLARA SPERRY,
Mrs. DI VERNON,
PAUL O. W. LEAVES,
Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
JUNIA COLE,
E. A. DWIGHT,
J. C. FIFE GERALD
and others.

\$200.00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving \$200.00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....\$100.00
For the second best.....50.00
For the third best.....50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Publishers of THE TIMES,
Greensboro', N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

The Jews.

There is evidently a moving among the Jewish Nation. We say Jewish Nation, because though they are scattered among all lands and people, yet they maintain strictly their peculiar nationalities. Something over a year ago, we published an account of the holding of a convention by the Jews in Europe, debating the question of the Christian religion, and whether the promised Messiah had come; and the conclusion of the council was, that Christ did not appear in that time, they would adopt the Christian religion.

Recently, the Jews in New York have decided to observe the Christian Sabbath, instead of the Jewish Sabbath, which is Saturday.

In Europe a remarkable scene took place last month. In the city of Leghorn, the Jews for the first time offered up a prayer for a Christian prince, and invoked the blessing of heaven upon Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia. The prayer was recited by Signor Roberto Funaro. At the first word the three thousand Jews present, with the exception of a few old men, rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen."

The Eco d'Italia, in reporting this interesting fact, gives the text of the beautiful and touching invocation, of which the following is but an inadequate translation:

"May that One who watches over the safety of kings, who gives dominion to princes, whose empire is from everlasting to everlasting; may He who liberated his servant David from the murderous sword, who opened a way in the sea and a sure pathway through the rushing waves; may He bless, guard, defend, succor, elevate and exalt the king elect, Victor Emanuel.

"May the King of kings guide his footsteps, preserve his life, and shield

him from all danger and peril. May the King of kings, in his clemency, exalt the star of his destiny, and grant him a long and peaceful reign. May the King of kings give to him and all his counsellors and ministers power and courage. May this be His Divine pleasure; and let all the people say Amen."

Miss Susan Archer Talley.

In reviewing a week or two since a book of poems by Miss Talley, just published by Messrs Rudd & Carlton, New York, in which there is neither note, preface, or dedication, by which the reader may gain any information, whatever, of the gifted authoress, we expressed an earnest desire to know something of the locality of one whose poems indicated such an exquisite sense of the music of language.

We have learned since that Miss Talley is a young Virginia lady, and though this is her first volume of poems, the literary Messenger says, "for years her occasional contributions have been the brightest gems it has been the privilege of this magazine to present to the reading public. Miss Talley is far the most gifted, in our judgment, of the female poets of America."

From another source we learn deeply to sympathize with one so gifted, yet so afflicted, for she lives in a silent world. That stern foe of childhood, which so often pronounces sentence of death upon its fairest and brightest, but commutes the sentence to a partial imprisonment for life from the outer world, saying to them, "Live, but be sightless;" or, "Live, but be soundless and voiceless," pronounced the latter sentence upon her. But against a portion of this sentence she has bravely and persistently struggled. Having previously acquired the faculty of speech, she has, unlike most of her fellow-sufferers, clung to it tenaciously and successfully. The lips that had once spoken words of affection, refused to give up their office. Other lips may be mute to her; but there is no thought or feeling which does not find ready expression on her own.

This negligence, while it alleviates the affliction for her friends, gives a singular piquancy to her intercourse with casual acquaintances. A look, a sign, on their part, or a half-spelled sentence upon the fingers, is instantly caught and interpreted; and it seems so impossible to associate a sorrow with a face so sparkling, or a defect with one so intelligent, that the imperfection seems oddly, for the moment, to be transferred to yourself. She cannot be deaf; it is you that are dumb. You feel as if conversing with some intellectual foreigner, with whose language you are but partially acquainted, who kindly takes your stammering words and unformed sentences, and gives them, at once, intelligent expression and eloquent reply.

In addition to the alleviation of her affliction which the power of speech affords, and for which she may thank, in part, her own brave spirit, nature, in her kindly habit of compensation, has gifted Miss Talley with rare poetic and artistic taste and talent. The evidence of the former is in the volume before us. The latter, though only exercised hitherto in portraying the features of her friends, or in sketching a merry caricature of some domestic incident for the amusement of her young companions, we trust will yet be employed in the illustration of her own poems.

We have not given these items of personal information from any desire to bespeak the indulgence of the reader. There is no need, and we have no right, to do so. The simple manner in which the poems make their appearance, without preface or introduction of any kind, shows the wish of the writer that they should be judged on their own merits merely; but we have believed that the facts we have mentioned would heighten the appreciation of what is beautiful in them, and be a key to much of interest that might otherwise escape the attention.

With this key, the reader will notice in the descriptive expressions, the rustling leaf, the patterning rain, the wailing wind, and others, and especially in the poem on the murmur of the sea-shell, how the author revels in the memory

of childish pleasures no longer hers.—In the introduction to the "Legend of the Odenwald," for example, there is scarce a line which does not appeal to a sense of which she is deprived, but whose power she fully appreciates.

Our National Prosperity.

For extent of territory; for salubrity of climate; for richness of soil; for inexhaustible mineral wealth; for natural commercial and manufacturing advantages; the United States never had its equal in the catalogue of nations. Canaan may have been a land flowing with milk and honey; "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;" but she may not be compared either for wealth or extent of territory with this "land of the free and home of the brave."

Our forefathers were guided by the hand of Providence and planted in this goodly heritage, free from persecutions of religious bigotry and fanaticism.—The same kind Providence that planted, nourished and protected; and we grew a nation of freemen, acknowledging allegiance only to the King of kings. And to-day we stand forth among the nations of the earth the most favored of them all. No capricious monarch holds a tenure upon our liberty or our lives; no kingly priesthood dictates our religious worship; no hereditary virtue or nobility attains among our civil institutions; but the hand of diligence bringeth wealth, and the heart of virtue, nobility.

As a nation we are prosperous, we are wealthy, we are happy; but, since the hand that planted may pluck up, the question that most claims our serious attention is, how shall this free, this happy, this prosperous confederation of States continue to live together in union and in peace, fulfilling its destiny and the design of the God that planted it?

We are taught explicitly upon this point, in the word of God, that "righteousness exalteth a nation; while sin is a reproach to any people." Nations are responsible to God as are individuals, and, therefore, are punishable for their transgressions of the law of God. But since nations exist only in Time, their punishment, unlike that inflicted upon individuals after Time is wound up as a scroll, must follow in the wake of transgression. Hence wars and pestilences are sent, feuds arise and governments are broken asunder. Sodom and Gomorah was blotted from existence because there were not ten righteous men found within her walls; yet Nineveh was preserved because she heeded the preaching of one righteous man and repented in humility for her transgressions. Babylon was great, but the wrath of an offended God was greater, and she became a desolation and a waste; the hiding place of serpents, of owls and of bats. The strength of a nation is not in wise councils, or else Greece would not have fallen; it is not in steel clad armor, or else Rome would yet be mistress of the world. "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth;" for "they that trust in the Lord cannot be removed, but abide forever."

There are those in our country who tremble in fear for the safety of this Union. And indeed their fears are not wholly groundless since fanaticism is so rampant. But so long as the States unite as one sincere voice in praise and thanksgiving, there is hope for the Union. We will continue a nation of freemen, a refuge for the oppressed, and a beacon light to the benighted of every land.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.—Gov. McWillie, of Mississippi, in his annual message, recommends that the Legislature should make it the duty of the Governor, in the event of the election of a black republican to the presidency of the United States in November, 1860, to issue his proclamation ordering an election for delegates to a State convention, to be held on the first Monday of December next thereafter, and that said delegates be appointed to assemble at the capitol, in the city of Jackson, on the third Monday of the said month of December, 1860, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may meet the exigency of the occasion. He further recommends that the other Southern states be invited to co-operate with Mississippi.

THANKSGIVING.

On Thursday of last week, thanksgiving day was generally observed by our citizens. Services were held in the Methodist Church. Rev. H. T. Hudson preached an excellent sermon appropriate to the occasion, in which he referred in eloquent terms to the privileges and blessings we enjoy as a nation; the vastness of our domain, its internal wealth and its ocean walls of security; the freedom and privileges of the masses; to them the road to wealth and to preferment in no other country is free and open. Hence it was appropriate that we, as a nation and as a state, should observe a day of humiliation, praise and thanksgiving. That the Lord of the earth should be praised for the plenty of the harvest, for the staying of the plague and the pestilence. If such a discourse could have been listened to by our people in city and country, a volume of praise would have ascended to heaven as the odor of sweet incense, and the voice of the Lord would have been heard, and the waves of civil commotion would have hushed in to a peaceful calm.

Bench and Bar of So. Ca.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF SOUTH CAROLINA. By John Bolton O'Neill, LL. D., President of the Law Court of Appeals and the Court of Errors, comprising sketches of the Chief Justices, Chancellors, Attorney-Generals, Solicitors, Law Judges, Recorders, District Attorneys, Members of the Bar; to which is added the "Fee Bill" of 1791, with the Original Signatures in *fac simile*, the Rolls of Attorneys Admitted to practice, etc. 2 vols., octavo; price \$5. Charleston, S. C.: S. G. Courtenay & Co. publishers.

Judge O'Neill is known in all the South as one of the purest as well as ablest Judges upon the Bench. Raised and educated a Quaker, he is plain and unassuming, dignified and courteous. The above work is just issued by the enterprising publishing house of S. G. Courtenay & Co., Charleston, S. C., and we anticipate no ordinary pleasure in its perusal as soon as we can secure a copy.

The Salisbury Banner has been purchased by Mr. John Spelman, and will hereafter be conducted by him. Mr. Spelman has been the foreman in the Standard office at Raleigh for a number of years, besides a reporter for that paper, therefore he has experience sufficient to enable him to make a paper inferior to none in the State, and we hope he may receive abundant encouragement, pecuniarily and otherwise. The politics of the Banner will remain as heretofore, democratic. Terms of the Bauer, \$2 per annum in advance.

A CURIOUS FACT.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a bliautin glass and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down to the water and shoot upwards its tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak growing this way on the mantle shelf of a room is a very interesting object.

A NOVEL SIGNATURE.—There is a firm in Troy, N. Y., who, instead of signing the names of the firm, affix a couple of ambrotypes a little larger than postage stamps, one containing a life like delineation of the features of the senior and the other that of the junior member of the firm. Honorable men will, of course, set their faces against any such arrangement.

AFTER CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURE.—Mr. Marble, of Lynn, Mass., has been blasting at Dungeon Rock, Mass., for eight years, hoping to obtain the treasure of Capt. Kidd. He has blasted a passage way about eight feet in height and breadth, nearly 100 feet in the solid rock. He has been guided by spiritualists.

A certain linen draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavored to remind him that she had paid when he had called some time ago. He declared he had no remembrance of the circumstance, on which she produced his receipt. He then asked pardon, and said, "I am sorry I did not recollect." To which the lady replied, "I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not recollect."

SETTLEMENT OF DIFFICULTIES.—There is such information in Washington as to warrant a belief that all the differences between the United States and Great Britain growing out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty will be adjusted through the agency of Mr. Wyke, the English minister to Central America. A part of the arrangement was the recent settlement of the boundary of British Honduras.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES.

BY LELA.

I'm alone in my Southern home, mother,
And the embers are burning low;
And the winds go wild and sweeping by,
Like a tide at ebb and flow.

The sky is dark with clouds, mother,
And the rain will soon be here;
But the storm is my heart I cannot smother,
Nor the falling of the tear.

Your child is sad to-night, my mother,
Thoughts wander in a far off land:
I'm with you and all the others
That make our household band.

I'm in a Southern hall of pride, my mother,
But the pomp of wealth I scorn;
I'm wandering now with you, dear brother,
In the dewy of early morn.

O'er the hill-side steep we clamber'd, mother,
The way was lone and bleak.

Till we gained a point all wild and jagged,
Where ocean waves lay at our feet.

The ship's white sail is in sight, my mother,
That will lure thy boy away;
I feel the press of your hand, my brother,
As we stood on the hill that day.

Near the ocean wave he is sleeping, mother,
And the coral winds its spray
In a shroud of love that is keeping
Him for the last great day!

In the spirit of dreams I'm roving, mother,
The embers have burnt quite low;
But we never shall come again, my brother,
To our home in the Northern snow.

The storm and the rain have come, my mother,
And the winds go sweeping round;
The leaves they have left their branches cover
And fallen on the ground.

Your child is sad to night, my mother,
Thoughts wander in a far off land:

I'm with you and all the others
That make our household band.

To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars and terms.

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTES.—A letter in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, from M. Gaillardet, dated Paris, Nov. 4th, says that Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who recently returned to the United States, had refused the dignity of Senator of France, offered to him by his father, Prince Jerome, in order to induce him to remain in France. Mr. Bonaparte preferred the simple title of American citizen to that of Senator of France.

RETURN OF MR. PRESTON.—Our minister to Spain, Mr. Preston, is expected home by the next steamer. The President has given him leave of absence for six months.

NON-INTERCOURSE WITH THE NORTH.—The Richmond Whig cordially approves a suggestion "for the formation of voluntary associations throughout Virginia and the South bound together by a common pledge among themselves, neither to eat drink, wear, buy or use any article whatsoever manufactured at or imported from the North."

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Mr. Eastman, the senior editor of the *Union* and American *Nashville*, Tenn., died on the morning of 22 Nov. of apoplexy. Mr. Poindexter of the same journal, it will be remembered was only a few days before killed in an affray with Mr. Hall, of the *News*.

A young gentleman at the Isle of Wight was addressing a young lady in the following grandiloquent style: "The most dignified, glorious and lovely work of nature is woman; the next man, and the third our Hampshire hogs," when she suddenly interrupted him with, "I have seen specimens of the two latter blended in one!"

KEEP AN EYE UPON THEM.—There are persons from the North travelling through the South, professing to be engaged in business of various kinds, whom it would be well enough to watch. If they talk against slavery, or if they even apologize for Seward and his infamous doctrines, give them notice to leave, and make them leave. It was the Seward doctrine that led to the outrage at Harper's Ferry.—Standard.

We learn that two book-peddlers who were here last week, are strongly suspected as emissaries. They spoke of canvassing the county, and may now be engaged in that work.

Since the above was written, we have seen a certificate which one of these book peddlers left with a slave in this town, promising him to write to him in a few days. He is selling his books to negroes and white men promiscuously, and giving a certificate for the delivery of the work the 10th of December next. He signs his name Jas. J. Miller.—*Salisbury Watchman*.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
A TALE OF THE WINE CUP.

BY ELEANOR G. CLAYTON.

I've seen the proudest eye grow wild,
And incoherent words escape
Pale lips, that told a tale of love
Three years ago—Oh! curse the Grape!

I've seen those same lips tight compressed
For fear of words, while flushed with wine,
That gently quivered years ago
While being press'd in love to mine.

I've often seen his large dark eye
With borrowed radiance shine;
And, oh, my inward heart doth curse,
Most bitterly, the sparkling wine.

When tenderly, with words of love,
The stranger wooed me for his bride,
I felt 't would be but bliss to walk
Life's rugged pathway by his side.

With perfect confidence I spoke :
" My hand and heart are wholly thine."
But dearest ties are sunken wide,
For reason of the luring wine.

Still, still I loved him—for I learned
To love him ere his fault I knew,
And woman, when she once doth love,
Is ever constant—ever true!

I gave my hand, with frenzied mind,
To one who wealth and fame could boast,
And he is ever good and kind—
But 't is not Bernard—I am lost!

A cherub bright adorns our home,
With clustering curls and sunny eyes,
His welcome was a shower of tears—
His cradle song, a wreath of sighs!

And little does the father know
Whose name our baby boy bears,
Or else the bitter knowledge would
Soon change the smile he always wears.

We call him Bernie, and I say,
'T is a name I fancied long ago;
He smiles and lets me have my way—
Oh, would that I could love him more!

And now to bind my soul to earth.
My boy is but a single tie,
Or else 't would be my earnest wish
To lean on Bernard's breast and die.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MAGIC BELLS:
A FAIRY TALE,
For Little Folks and Grown-up
Children.

BY JULIA SOUTHALL.

" Oh! Miss Bettie, do tell us a tale!"
Tell you a tale, Callie? Well, that
is rather a childish request from a young
lady, is it not?"

" I'm not a young lady; I'm a little
girl," replied Callie, shaking her dark
head impatiently.

" Very well," said Miss Bettie, laughing.
" I suppose I must indulge you this
time."

" Come, Annie, sit down here at Miss
Bettie's feet!" cried Callie. " You must
sit on that side, Marie, and I'll comb Miss
Bettie's hair."

So saying she drew out the pins that
confined the long tresses of the school-
mistress, letting the flaxen hair fall in a
shower over her shoulders.

This Miss Bettie was not an old maid,
although the formal "Miss," added to her
name by her pupils, may bring to mind some
hatchet-faced, pepper-and-saltish
wearer of the venerable title. Neither
was she ugly or plain, although the name
"schoolmistress" usually gives rise to
visions of pale faces, consumptive forms,
hollow eyes, and black hair. This Miss
Bettie looked very fresh and girlish, as
she sat there, her smile breaking into
dimples in her cheeks, like sunshine on a
wind-ripped lake. She had splendid
eyes, changing from the purest grey to
the deepest blue; and beautiful hair, of
a peculiar tint, a happy medium between
flaxen and gold, which the French call
blond-cendre.

" Well, and what kind of story would
you like to hear?" she asked, smiling at
her eager auditors.

" Tell us a ghost story, Miss Bettie!"
cried Callie, ceasing, for an instant, from
her occupation, of brushing and twisting
the dawn bright tresses of the school-
mistress. " Tell us a ghost story, and keep
us nervously looking over our shoulders
at every little noise!"

" Oh! no, tell us a fairy-tale. I love
fairies," said Marie, who might have passed
very well for a fairy herself, with her
white-rose complexion, eyes like wild
violets, and lips the reddest and most
beautiful in the world.

" For my part, I should like something
that had something practical in it," said
Annie, who kept her brown hair in smooth
braids, and tried to look very wise and
philosophical.

" A ghost story, a fairy-tale, or a story
about practical things!" observed the
schoolmistress, laughing. " Which shall
it be, Rose?"

The little sylph, who answered to the
name of Ross and who at this moment ap-
proached the group, clapped her pretty
hands, replying at once.

" A fairy-tale! a fairy-tale! by all
means, and I will sit here where I can
look into your face. Please begin."

" I am puzzled," replied the school-
mistress, " where to locate my story. I

should like to have it in America, only
we havn't any such innocent and pleasant
delusions among us. I never heard of
but one fairy tale with the scenes laid
in America, the ' Culprit Fay,' so I—" " Oh! it must be in America," inter-
posed Annie.

" But the fairies belong to the Old
World," replied Miss Bettie.

" No matter!" said Marie. " We must
and will have them in America. We can't
do without them at all. Go on, Miss
Bettie."

" Once upon a time," began the school-
mistress, " there was a most beautiful lit-
tle glen in a very thick, dark forest, all
girded in by huge trees which shook their
lofty boughs high in the air. The glen
was carpeted with the softest and the
greenest moss, which gave back no sound
to the tread of the squirrel, but was
gummed with delicate wild flowers, and
the burning rays of the noon-tide sun
were shut out by the interlacing of the
leafy branches, and the gorgeous parasitic
plants which hung brilliant garlands
all over the splendid magnolia-trees that
fenced in this secluded spot. At the upper
end of the glen there stood a very
large oak-tree, beneath whose roots bubbled
up a fountain of the purest crystal
water. The tree was extremely large,
and was hollow at the base, with an opening
from the roots about six feet upward,
so that it made a great arch over the
spring, protecting it alike from the
burning sun and the bitter rain. The fountain
also was very large, filling the huge
cavity under the tree, but its water was
as bright as diamonds, and, escaping from
the pool, fell in a succession of little cas-
cades over dark rocks, until it disappeared
in the depths of the forest. The margin
of the spring was lined with dark,
velvet-green mosses, while a beautiful
holly-tree which grew beside it, was glo-
rified with the luxuriant woodbine which
drooped its scarlet blossoms over the
mouth of the pool.

" Dowa the little foot-path which led
to the spring came a little girl, swinging
her hat in her hand while her golden hair
rippled in the wind which always sighed
through this glen. The little girl sprang
over the cascades of the brook and went
toward the fountain, where she threw her
hat on the moss, and, bending over the
water, watched her own blue eyes and au-
bura hair in its depths.

" 'Ah!' she said, ' I will dimple the
pool that I may see myself reflected in a
thousand different places in the water.'

" She put out her hand to break one of
the many water-lilies which grew at the
edge of the pool, but suddenly drew it
back.

" 'I will not break the poor flowers,'
she thought! ' Their life is shorter than
mine. And perhaps there is a fairy here,
who loves the flowers, and whom it would
pain, were I to take the lilies. No, I will
not take the lilies, but I wonder if there
is a fairy in the pool?'

" She was gazing steadily into the pool
at the reflection of her own figure, when
suddenly the sunny locks disappeared,
and in their place she saw raven hair, and
in stead of her own mild blue eyes, a pair
of deep black orbs that sparkled like stars
in the water. A shower of liquid dia-
monds suddenly flew into the air, falling
like rain over the child who gazed breath-
lessly into the spring, and a mocking but
musical laugh rippled up with the gushes
of water from the fountain. A light, shadowy
mist arose from the fountain, and when it
cleared away a tiny figure, full-grown,
though scarcely taller than Genevieve
herself, stood upon the water in the cen-
tre of the pool.

" Her little naked feet were white and
shining as the leaves of the water-lilies,
and her garments, which were delicate
and fleecy as a silvery, May-morning
mist, floated around her symmetrical form
with a cloud-like grace truly bewitching.
Her hair was as black as a hypocrite's
heart, and fell in glittering ripples over
her white and misty robe, while upon her
head rested a coronal of lilies and fern-
leaves, cut from pearls and emerald, with
here and there violets made of sapphires
and opals, the whole wreath being
sprinkled with diamond dew. She held
in her hand a slender wand of a shining
whiteness like silver, but it was not sil-
ver, for it was semi-transparent, and when
held in certain positions the light stream-
ed through it in bright, prismatic tints.

From her dainty, dimpled shoulders,
quivering and glancing in the light hung
a tiny pair of snow-white wings, the most
exquisitely delicate imaginable, and from
each fleecy plume hung a little fringe of
silver bells, fashioned like a water lily,
and studded with diamonds.

" 'Oh! you are a fairy, you beautiful
and radiant creature!' exclaimed Gene-
vieve, clasping her hands with pure ad-
miration, as the apparition bent towards
her.

" You are a good little girl, Genevieve,"
said the fairy, springing lightly to the
green moss.

" How came you to know that my
name was Genevieve?" asked the little
girl, stepping back as though half afraid
of her elfin companion.

" Oh! I know very well," replied the
fairy. " You are Genevieve De Vaux,
and you live in the great house on yonder
hill, alone with your father, for your mo-

ther is dead, and you are the heiress of
all these broad lands, which belong to
your father, now. All around us is his,
everything you see is his, except myself.
I am a fairy and am my own."

" Then she began to dance about on
the velvety moss, while her silver bells
rang out a rippling melody, like the tinkle
of water-drops, and she sang in an indes-
cribably musical voice, and to a beautiful
tune, the words :

" While the streamlet soft is singing,
While the fairy bells are ringing,
We will revel, hand in hand;
In the silvery moon-beams nightly,
Other fairies dance as lightly
In the merry elfin land."

" While she sung thus, she looked at
Genevieve with such bright pleasure dan-
cing in her black eyes, and beaming from
her smiling face, that the little girl began
laughing too, and took the extended hand
of the beautiful fay, to accompany her
in the wild elfin waltz. They danced a
long time, until finally Genevieve broke
away from the gay sprite, saying,

" 'Oh! I must go home. My father
will not know where I am.'

" 'Wait a little while,' replied the foun-
tain-fay. ' I like you, Genevieve. You
are a good, obedient child, with a smile
and a kind word for everyone, and more
than all, you never neglect to say your
prayers.'

" 'I hope I shall never be so very wicked
as to do that,' replied Genevieve, raising
her bright blue eyes to the fairy's
black ones, with an expression of sur-
prise.

" 'I trust you never may,' said the fairy,
in a tone almost grave. Then she added
lightly, ' I am going to grant you any one
wish you may now express, as a token of
my good will. Think well now, before
you speak, because I will grant one wish,
and only one. Perhaps you wish always
to be wealthy?'

" 'Oh! no,' replied Genevieve.

" 'You wish, then, to be great and pow-
erful?'

" 'No, no,' said the child, again.

" 'Perhaps you desire to be very beau-
tiful?' pursued the fairy.

" 'No, I don't think I do,' answered
Genevieve, thoughtfully.

" 'Oh! I expect she will wish to be be-
loved!' interrupted Marie. " That is what
I should have wished."

" It does not need a fairy to make us
love you," said Rose.

" Be quiet, can't you?" interposed Cal-
lie. " Go on, Miss Bettie, please."

" Well," resumed the schoolmistress,
" while the fairy spoke thus, as to what
she might wish, Genevieve stood with her
eyes bent thoughtfully to the earth, while
she kept patting the moss with her foot.
At last she raised her eyes and said, timidly,

" I think, if you please, I should wish
the power of making others happy."

" The fairy smiled so brightly as to
throw an actual radiance over the glen.—
Waving her glittering wand thrice over
the head of Genevieve she replied,

" You may rest well to-night, Gene-
vieve. You have made a good choice—
Go home now, and when you are in need
of help remember Fontibell!"

" So Genevieve picked up her little
straw hat and ran towards home, but as
she left the glen she met Rosamond, a poor
girl who lived in a little log cabin near
Genevieve's home, and who came now to
get a pitcher of water for her mother.—
Genevieve smiled and nodded pleasantly,
but Rosamond held her head down and
walked straight towards the spring, with-
out so much as glancing at Genevieve.
She was in such bad humor that she did
not look half so pretty as Genevieve, but
she was, in reality, much handsomer. Her
eyes and hair were of a rich, dark brown,
and the lips that pouted so sullely were
as red as the wood-blue flowers over the
spring.

" 'Good evening Rosamond,' said Fon-
tibell, as the girl came up.

" Rosamond was a good deal startled,
for she had not seen the fairy.

" I am the fay of this fountain," con-
tinued Fontibell, " and I will give you
any wish you may make. Think well,
however, for I shall give you but one!"

" Let me see," said Rosamond. " For
what shall I ask? Beauty? No, I am
pretty enough as it is. I desire to be rich
and great," she said, turning to Fontibell.

" A shade of displeasure darkened the
fairy's brow, but she waved her wand as
before, saying,

" 'Receive your wish. I should have been
better pleased had you made a wiser
choice, but fill your pitcher, and return
home. If riches will give you happiness
to-morrow you will be happy.'

" Why should I take home the ugly,
dugy old pitcher, with 'broken mouth,
when to-morrow I shall berich and great?"
said Rosamond; and, seizing the unfortu-
nate pitcher, she dashed it in pieces on
the rocks.

" Fontibell said nothing, but Rosamond
heard the tinkling of her lily-bells, and on
looking around found she was alone.

" How came you to know that my
name was Genevieve?" asked the little
girl, stepping back as though half afraid
of her elfin companion.

" Oh! I know very well," replied the
fairy. " You are Genevieve De Vaux,
and you live in the great house on yonder
hill, alone with your father, for your mo-

thering the consequences to herself—
So she put the house in the nicest order
and smilingly welcomed Rosamond and
her mother.

" One would think that they might now
have been happy with one another, and so
they were, apparently, until the death of
Genevieve's father. From this time poor
Genevieve's troubles began. Her step-
mother and Rosamond no longer cared to
hide their jealousy and hatred, and they
devised all sorts of punishments and per-
secutions for one who had never a thought
of evil against them. All their ill-treat-
ment of her arose from wicked envy, for
Genevieve had received the gift of mak-
ing others happy, so she was universally
thought of as the fairest, prettiest, and
most constant friend—in joy or grief,
sickness or health—in sunshine or sadness,
thy affection knows no change. Sacred to
the heart is the memory of a mother's
fathomless love. Watch that anxious mon-
ther at eve, sad and alone she sits, start-
ling at every sound, trembling at every
approaching foot-step, and yet weeping as
it passes on; oh! note the large tear-drops,
as they trickle in quick succession down
her pale and anxious face. Watch on
sorrow-stricken, care-worn mother, and
hope for the return of thy once darling
boy, but now wretched and degraded victim
to the poisonous goal; unhappy oh! unhappy
mother; in vain hast thou entreated, urged and implored.—In after
years, when Death has set his signet in
thy brow, and thy sad, sweet voice comes
stealing like low, mournful music, in spe-
cial to the degraded toy of thy bosom, then
perchance he may forsake the evil, then
he may smite on his heart and in the
bitterness of grief cry out my "poor—poor
broken-hearted mother, I've sent down
thy grey hairs with sorrow to the grave;"
"would that you were here and I could
have you pronounce the word 'forgive.'" Heart
of adamant; think you still that
woman's heart is stern and cold? What
but a mother's love could have actuated
the beautiful but unfortunate Josephine
to peril her life, her happiness, her all?
Naught, for though she was separated
from her Eugene, her heart still fondly
clung to him, and oft at twilight's holy
hour, the young mother could be found
holding sweet communion with her Heav-
enly Father—imploring His protection on
her absent child. Without woman's con-
soling voice, her sympathetic tear the world
would lose its brightness, society its
charms, christianity its power. "In whose
principles" said the dying daughter of a
skeptical father, "shall I die—yours or those
of my christian mother?" We are told
that the stern old hero of Ticonderoga
brushed a tear from his eye as he turned
away, and with the same rough voice
which summoned the British to surrender,
now tremulous with deep emotion, said,
"in your mother's child, in your mother's."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
A SONG.

BY INA CLAYTON.

On the bosom of the silent deep
The moonbeams sadly quiver,
While stars their weary vigils keep
Over the flowing river.

Gently this lovely night we glide
Along the

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

By reason of a sudden and distressing family affliction, the Hon. D. K. McRae cannot be with us on Saturday, the 3rd of December, to deliver his lecture before the Greene Monument Association. Notice will be given hereafter of the time to which it has been postponed. WILL. L. SCOTT,
Sec. Board of Managers.

Nov. 28, 1859.

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA.—In publishing an account of this Institution last week, our informant was at the fault in one point, in reference to the date of Commencement day. Commencement occurs on Wednesday after the third Monday in July, and not "on the Monday succeeding the second Monday in November."

The calendar for 1860 is: January 3, second term begins; March 28 and 29, examinations and end of second term; April 10, third term begins; July 18, commencement.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.—A gentleman in the city of New York, well known as an astronomer and amateur photographer, has succeeded in taking photographs of the moon, with a beauty and accuracy far exceeding anything of the kind ever previously accomplished in this country or Europe.

JUDGE DOUGLAS.—It is understood that Judge Douglas' physicians unite in urging him to proceed to the coast of Florida, with a view to the restoration of his health, and that Mrs. Douglas accompany him for a similar purpose, as soon as their strength will enable them to travel. It is not yet known, however, whether he will act on the suggestion.

NEW STEAMER.—The new Cunard steamer just contracted for with the Napiers of Glasgow is to exceed the Persian by 500 tons, and will in every other respect be larger and more powerful than that vessel. Efforts are to be made with her to surpass anything afloat, both as regards speed and internal arrangements.

ALABAMA.—On Friday, the 8th, the two houses of the Alabama Legislature elected Hon. Richard W. Walker as Judge of the Supreme Court, vice Judge Rice resigned. Judge Walker was appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired term of Judge Rice.

DIFFICULTY WITH MEDICAL STUDENTS.—A row took place in Philadelphia on Monday 21st ult., among some medical students, and L. A. Stith of this State, was arrested as a participant. Three others from North Carolina, D. L. Stone, Foust and Watson, two connected with the University of Pennsylvania and one with Jefferson College, have been missing since.

REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS.—We see it stated that this divine has been elected Professor of Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina. It is thought he will not accept.

TROUBLES IN TEXAS.—The Texas Legislature has ordered out the State troops to arrest Cortinas, the bandit.—Capt. Ford has been appointed to the chief command of the expedition.

Brownsville was still closely invested on the 19th ult.

The term of Gov. Wise expires the first Monday of January. He has disposed of his estate in Accoumiae, and will locate himself permanently near Richmond.—Hon. John Letcher will enter upon his duties, as governor of Virginia, the first Monday in January.

PRIVATE CORNER.

INA CLAYTON.—We thank you for your last full letter—"I pray for him," "Lines," "Oh! Pshaw" "The First Sabbath in Heaven;" and "There's Rest for the Weary."

NYDIA.—Will you not favor the Times and its readers with much of your musings? "Our Alma Mater" is thrice welcomed.

MABEL LANSING.—My Early Sorrow received, but one so blessed by nature should never know sorrow. We hail your oft received letters with increased pleasure, for each and every one bears something good for our readers.

HELEN R. RODRIQUEZ.—Coincidence received.

GOV. WISE PRAYED FOR.—A portion of the pious wing of the Black Republican party of New York city, held a prayer meeting last Monday night in the lecture room of Dr. Cheever's Church on Union Square. The Harper's Ferry treason was extolled, and prayers were offered up for John Brown & Company. A "well dressed colored woman" was among the speakers.

One speaker suggested that Brown and Smith and the slaves were not the only proper subjects of prayer. "They ought to pray (said he) for Gov. Wise. He did not want to be misunderstood, but he would compare Gov. Wise, of Virginia, to Pontius Pilate; and if he had a wife, he hoped she would be treasured in her dreams as Mrs. Pilate was until she went to the Governor where men could not reach him, and begged of him to leave nothing to do with that just man. Possibly when the Governor heard of the vast crowds which were going to see the public spectacle of colored men hanging in the forenoon and white men in the afternoon, he would be afraid of a tumult which he could not stop and wash his hands of the whole matter.

Perhaps the people would say, as they said of old; "His blood be upon us and our children." If so, he begged he might not be one of them. Perhaps prayer might turn the heart of Governor Wise, as the heart of Ahasuerus was turned; it was a little thing for God to turn. And who could tell, that as Paul was converted by the meeting streams of prayer that followed him from Jerusalem, and that met him from the Christians that went forth to persecute, so Gov. Wise might be converted, and become an apostle of freedom as Paul was of the Gospel. Perhaps prayer might compel him to call the Legislature together, if necessary, to stop that execution."

THANK HEAVEN the population of the Metropolis of the country is not composed wholly of such blasphemers. If it were, our Union cemented though it be with patriot blood, could not last another day.

A CONDUCTOR ON A COW-CATCHER.—We read in the Harrisburg Patriot: "As one of the freight trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Barree Siding, a station about twelve miles west of Huntingdon, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track, playing, unconscious of its danger. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but the weight of the train and the high speed at which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child, which must inevitably have been crushed to death. In this emergency, when most men would have stood paralyzed with horror, the conductor of the train, Mr. McCoy, with steadiness of nerve that few parallels, ran to the front of the engine, crawled down on the cow-catcher, and, holding himself with one hand, leaned as far forward as possible, and, as he approached the child, with a sweeping blow of the other he threw it off the track. It was the work of an instant, and required a steady hand and cool head to accomplish it; but he was equal to the emergency. The train was immediately stopped, and on going back the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment, some twenty or thirty feet from the track of the road, alive and kicking, but somewhat stunned and bruised. The child belonged to a farmer named Neff, residing immediately along side the road."

LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.—The damage to the sugar crop by the late frosts in Louisiana is much greater than was at first supposed. Had the summer weather which followed continued the effects would have been even more disastrous. The change to cooler weather again is favorable to grinding; but the accounts, from the best authorities in the sugar parishes, state the damage already done as extremely serious.

FROM GEN. SCOTT.—The Secretary of War received the following despatch from Lieut. Gen. Scott, dated Straits of Pua, October 27, and sent by way of Leavenworth: "Two days ago I despatched from Fort Townsend a communication to Gov. Douglas, proposing a temporary adjustment on the basis suggested by the President in his instructions to me. There has been no answer yet. No doubt the proposition will be accepted. Everything is

tranquill in these islands."

ARREST OF A NORtherner.—On Friday last, a man by the name of Rood, who has been in the town a week or two getting subscribers for the Eclectic Magazine, being made the object of suspicion on the part of some that his designs were not entirely proper, was taken before Justice Lobban for examination. Witnesses testified as to his conduct since he has been here, and papers found on his person were examined, all of which in the opinion of the justice created a ground of suspicion sufficient to warrant him in committing the party to jail. In order that he may have a speedy examination into the charge of complicity in insurrectionary schemes for which he is confined, a special court has been called for Saturday next.

Persons coming into our midst from the Northern States should be very cautious how they act and how they talk, as their conduct is liable to be watched with suspicion. Even innocent parties are liable to be unjustly suspected, but they can only blame their Northern brethren for any annoyance they may be subjected to.—*Charlotte Jeffersonian.*

The person mentioned above spent some time last summer in this State, soliciting subscriptions to the "Eclectic Magazine" and obtained, we believe, quite a number. We heard no complaint of his behavior at that time. It would be well enough to watch all, for honest men will take no offence at it.

N. C. State Stocks were quoted in New York on the 23d, at 98½.

MARRIED.

Mr. James M. Sutton and Miss Francis N., daughter of C. A. Boon, Sheriff of Guilford, November 28.

Mr. Stanford L. Nichols and Miss Emily G. Pratt, both Deaf Mutes, educated at the N. C. Institution, for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, in Forsyth Co., November 17th.

Mr. Walter H. McRae, of Wilmington, and Miss Georgina Gary, daughter of the late Robert Gary of Halifax Co., November 12th.

Mr. R. S. McLeomore, of Mississippi, and Miss Mary Ann Gibson, of Salem, N. C., November 16.

Mr. Silas M. Stone, of Granville Co., and Miss Mary Ann Green of Franklin, Nov. 18.

Rev. E. A. Wilson and Miss Mary A. Taylor in Greene Co., October 16.

Mr. James S. Bostick of Richmond Co., and Miss Sallie E. Walker of Randolph Co., November 16.

Mr. B. N. Smith of Guilford Co., and Miss Julia E. M. Britt of Alamance Co., Nov. 9.

Mr. Gilbert Dickson of Cleveland Co., and Mrs. Charity Moore, widow of the late Alford S. Moore, of New Hanover, November 24.

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The winter uniform is Mazarine blue, merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer plain white jaqueta. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

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(11—y)

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JACOB T. BROWN,

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

Two war steamers and four gun boats had left England for China.

The Bank of France had lost nearly 10,000,000 francs, in cash, during the month.

An official decree appoints Gen. O'Donnell Commander-in-chief of the Spanish expedition to Morocco, and a Madrid dispatch of the 7th says that he would positively leave there that evening, and that offensive operations would commence immediately.

It is stated that on the 4th, a Moorish gun-boat was captured by a Spanish steamer at the mouth of the river Tetuan after a sharp engagement.

There was an expectation that both Spain and Portugal would admit corn duty free.

The *Diritto* of Turin announces that the greater part of the Piedmontese loan had been subscribed for by the first banking-houses in Turin, Genoa, Parma, Modena, Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna.—The trading community of Milan had subscribed for 26,000,000 francs.

The Paris journals are prohibited from speaking of the French losses by cholera on the frontier of Morocco.

Private accounts state that when the order was given to the second Zuaves to advance, they had lost three hundred men by cholera, and a considerable number were in a helpless state.

The usual military parade in honor of the birthday of the Prince of Wales took place in Windsor Home Park, in presence of Her Majesty and the royal family.—Her Majesty's dinner party in the evening was larger than usual, but, excepting Her Majesty's foreign visitors, the guests appear for the most part to belong to the royal household. The Prince of Wales will return to-day to Oxford, to resume his studies, but he will again visit Windsor on the birthday of the Princess of Russia. Lord Palmerston and Lord J. Russell were present at the cabinet council yesterday, but were unable to attend the Lord Mayor's banquet.

The British steamer Spithed has captured a slaver with 500 slaves on board.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a circular issued by Count Walewski to the French diplomatic agents, explaining the advantages of the Zurich treaty, stating that France will not have to advance the amount of debt due by Piedmont to Austria, but will co-operate with Piedmont in making the stipulated payments.

France has demanded from Sardinia sixty million francs for war expenses.—The circular further states that the government has received assurances that the Pope is only waiting for an opportune moment to make public certain reforms by which the government of the clergy will be replaced by a government generally composed of the laity, including an Assembly elected by the people.

The Paris *Patrie* is assured that the King of Sardinia, in reply to Napoleon, expressed confidence in the sympathies of the Emperor in favor of the Italian cause. He declares that he will leave to the decision of the Congress about to assemble all matters relating to the recognition of Italy.

The French Gen. De Martimpré has required the Moorish tribes whom he has subjugated, to pay a tribute of five million francs. The cholera continues to prevail amongst the Spanish troops collected at Algesiras, and in the space of nine days there were 66 cases, of which 19 proved fatal. According to the most recent statistics Spain can now fit out a fleet of 366 vessels, but altogether they do not carry above 1,100 guns; of these vessels, 275 may add little or nothing to the real strength of the fleet of the remaining 85; 44 are sailing vessels, and only 41 steamers. The maritime population is registered as in France, and it is said that the first summons from the minister of marine, 60,000 sailors might be collected within a few days in the ports of Spain.

The Times publishes a letter from Lord Ellenborough to Lord Brougham in furtherance of the success of the Garibaldi musket fund. The noble Lord expresses a hope, that stimulated by the insults to Italy, which are conveyed in the demand France is about to make in the Congress, the Italians will rise to vindicate their right to choose their own government.—As to Garibaldi, Lord Ellenborough advises the people of Italy to follow where he leads.

It is stated in the English journals that the treaty between China and the United States will not come into operation until matters are settled with England and France.

The nine hours' movement in London is ended. The building trades having carefully considered their positions, have determined to withdraw from the strike.

The London Times has an article showing the prevalent feeling in France on the question of a war with England. Its chief authority for the opinion stated is a respectable French review published in London. It is stated that in France the prospect of a war with England is incessantly discussed in high places of power, in public offices, in the army, the navy, among the working classes and men of business. The army is reported as unanimous for war, in the navy the desire for it amounts to frenzy, and the Church is

as eager as either the army or navy. Its conclusion is that in a war with England the French empire has the power of satisfying the army and navy, gratifying the clergy, winning over the Legislature, and securing the suffrages of the united people.

The *Constitutionnel* of the 10th inst., in a second article on the Congress, signed by the Principal, Victor M. Granyillot, states that the late Prince Metternich himself was convinced that the conditions agreed on at the Congress of 1815 could not be lasting, and exhorts the Italians to be practical and not to endeavor to advance too rapidly and render the unit of Italy a weak counterpart of the unity of France. It further states that if they are determined to carry out the union, the reforms granted will enable them to do so if they advance with prudence.

The Columbus, (Ga.) Sun mentions the arrest, in that city, of William Scott, a member of a firm of New York merchants. An open expression of sympathy for Old Brown, and the possession of Beecher's incendiary sermons, were the cause of the arrest. He received "no notice to quit" and took his departure by the first train.

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In Wilmington we refer to the following gentlemen who have Knabe's Pianos in use: Geo. Myers, Esq. F. D. Poisson, Esq. Griffith J. McKee, Esq. and others. We deliver these Pianos in Wilmington at the published rates of the Manufacturers. Every instrument has the full iron frame, and is fully warranted.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ~~that~~ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

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HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILA'DELPHIA. A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister, in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give Medical Advice *Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, and treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter, otherwise, and in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec.

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL
The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$30. One dollar for Conductions is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal.
June 26, 1859.

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispensia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes. Also a large assortment of EAR TRUMPETS, of all sizes and every description known in the world. Also a large assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL HANDS, with Wrist, Arm and Elbow attachments—also of FEET, with Ankle, Leg and Knee joint attachments—natural as Nature itself. These articles can be sent by express to any part of the world.

All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE must contain Ten Cents to pay postage and incidental expenses. All Chronic Diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

Office Hours, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Office, 704 Broadway, a few doors above Fourth street, NEW YORK CITY. 1-ly.

AYER'S CHERRY PECK-TORAL—For the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption, is universally known as the best remedy ever yet discovered for every variety of Pulmonary disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. By its timely use many, nay almost all attacks of disease upon the Lungs or throat are arrested, and thus are saved many thousands every year from a premature grave. No family should be without it, and those who do neglect to provide themselves with a remedy which wards off this dangerous class of diseases will have cause to deplore it when it is too late.—Proofs of the surprising efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral need not to be given to the American people—they have living proofs in every neighborhood. But those who wish to read the statements of those whose whole health has been restored and whose lives have been saved by its use, will find them in my American Almanac which the agent below named has to furnish gratis for every one.

One thing we wish distinctly understood, ~~that~~ They have never failed to secure the HIGHEST PREMIUMS, whenever brought in competition with others!

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For Sale in Greensboro by

PORTER & GORREL.

10,000 Negroes

10,000 Negroes

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Saved Yearly.

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Planters Take Notice,
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Jacob's Cordial

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Is The Only Sure

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And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy

Before The People
Before The People
Before The People

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

In Dysentery,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

Diarrhoea,

And Flux.

And Flux.

And Flux.

It Never Fails.

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SANITARY SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY,
THAT GREAT REMEDY.

SAVING A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVING A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

SAVING A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
SAVING A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN,
IS EASILY TAKEN,

HAS NO BAD TASTE,
HAS NO BAD TASTE,

WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME,
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET,
OR CHANGE OF DIET,

WILL EFFECT A CURE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE

WITH LESS TROUBLE,
WITH LESS TROUBLE,

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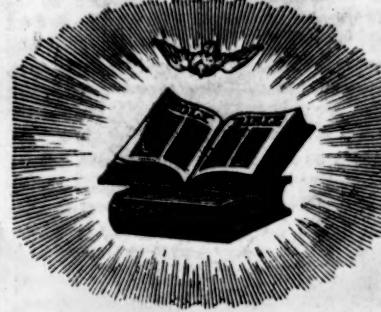
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY.

TRY ONE PACKAGE,
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TRY ONE PACKAGE,

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Children, if you so remember your Creator as to give him your heart, and seek to obey his will, you will grow up cheerful and happy. You will be more and more thankful to God for his mercies, and will be patient in the crosses of life. You will always have some enjoyment, because you will learn from experience that "godliness with contentment is great gain." It is important, therefore, that you should set the Lord always before you, and constantly pray God for his gracious presence.

SONS OF EMINENT MEN.

Sons of eminent men seldom amount to much, as they are generally content to inflate their souls with their father's greatness, which is very easily done. They are satellites, which glow with a borrowed or reflected light, and when the source becomes extinct, and the light fades quite away, they are left in utter darkness. A transferred fame is not a substance, but a shadow. Distinction must be wrought out: it never comes at a beck. True greatness never goes upon crutches: it is as independent as the nature of man will admit. Being well born, gives great facilities for education and distinction, but it can never take their place: they must be sedulously and wisely used, or poor advantages, well husbanded, will surpass them. Wealthy young men generally rely on means rather than on study.

"IF I HAD MINDED MY MOTHER."

I went, a few weeks since, into a jail, to see a young man who had once been a Sabbath-school scholar.

The keeper took a large bunch of keys, and led us through the long, gloomy halls, unlocking one door after another, until at length he opened the door of the room where sat the young man we had come to see. The walls of the room were of coarse stone, the floor of thick plank, and before the windows were strong iron bars.

Without, all was beautiful. The green fields, the sweet flowers, and the singing birds, were as lovely as ever; but this young man could enjoy none of these: no, never again could he go out, for he was condemned to death! Yes, he had killed a man, and now he himself must die. Think of it! only twenty years old, and yet a murderer!

I sat down beside him, and talked with him for a while.

"O," said he, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "I did not mean to do it, but I was drunk. Then I got angry, and, before I knew what I was about I killed him! O, if I had minded what my Sabbath-school teacher said—if I had minded my mother—I should never have come to this! I should never have been here!"

It would have made your heart sore as it did mine, to see and talk with him. Once he was a happy, playful child, like you: now he is a poor, condemned, wicked young man. He did not mind his mother, did not govern his temper, and, as he grew older, he went with bad boys, who taught him bad habits; and he became worse and worse, until, as he said, when drunk he killed a man; and now, after a few weeks, he must suffer the dreadful penalty. As I left him, he said:

"Will you not pray for me?" and he added: "O! tell boys everywhere to mind their mothers and keep away from bad companions."

THE LOAF.

Once upon a time, during a famine, a rich man invited twenty of the poorer children in the town to his house, and said to them:

"In this basket there is a loaf of bread for each of you. Take it, and come back every day at this hour, till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, and wrangled and fought for the bread, each wishing to get the

largest loaf; and at last went away, without even thanking him.

Francesca alone stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and then went home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day, the children were equally ill-behaved, and poor Francesca this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home, and when her sick mother cut the loaf, there fell out of it quite a number of bright silver pieces.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread through a mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the largest one, will find blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf."

Better a poor, but peaceful life, Than wealth and fortune bought with strife.

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

Once, in a time of famine, an unknown beggar woman, poorly but cleanly clad, went through a certain village, asking alms.

From some houses she was sent away with rough words; at others she received a very small gift: only one poor gardener, as she was very cold, invited her into his warm room; and his wife, who had just baked cakes, gave her a nice large piece.

The next day, all the people at whose door the beggar woman had called, were invited to supper in the Queen's palace. When they came into the dining-room, they beheld a small table laden with the richest food, and also a large table, with many plates on which there was, here and there a piece of mouldy bread, a few artichokes, or a handful of bran; but, for the most part, the plates were entirely empty.

The Queen said: "I was myself that beggar woman in disguise, wishing in this time of distress, to prove the charity of my people. These two poor gardeners took me in, and entertained me as best they could: hence they will now eat with me, and I will fix a pension for life on them. The rest of you will eat the same fare with which you entertained me. With this, remember that in the future world you will also one day be served as you serve others."

RICHES OF THE BIBLE.

"Book of Books" is the Bible. It is a Book of Laws, to show the right and wrong. It is a book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a Book of Truth, which detects all human errors. It is a book of Life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequalled narrative. It is a Book of Biography. It is a Book of Voyages. It is a Book of Travels. It is the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written; it is the best will ever executed, the best testament ever signed; it is the young man's best companion; it is the school-boy's best instructor; it is the learned man's masterpiece; it is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory; it promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all is the author. He is without partiality and without hypocrisy; with whom there is no variableness neither shadow of turning."

Whenever you see a young man particularly jolly, you may be sure he is particularly poor. Poverty to youth is equal to a pint of brandy, as an exhilarant. The man who, in his youth, is poor, is rich; he has everything to work for, and nothing to lose.

Inquiries are making, whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell?

A saucier question cannot be put.

Beware of evil company, at all times.

USEFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is about in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly, and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, cutted and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the manufacturer, and the house keeper.

Curing Meat by the New Plan.

The Tallahassee *Floridian and Journal* says: At our suggestion the following letter from Dr. G. T. Maxwell of this city, addressed to the editors of the *Southern Cultivator*, has been handed to us for publication. The letter is in response to a request preferred by that periodical for an explanation of the process by which meat can be cured by injecting brine through the carotid artery. The season is now rapidly approaching when this new and important mode of seasoning meat may be tested and rendered of incalculable value, particularly in Florida. Southern Georgia, &c., where, heretofore, no little difficulty has at times been experienced in this branch of domestic economy. We hope that some of our planters will give the mode a thorough trial, and furnish the country the result of their experiments.

Dr. Maxwell's letter is as follows:

TALLAHASSEE, November 8, 1859.

Editors of the Southern Cultivator, Augusta Georgia—Sirs: A late number of your journal containing a letter of mine to the editors of the *Floridian and Journal*, of this city, on the "new method" of curing meat, first practised in this country by my friend, the late Lewis LeConte, of Liberty county, Georgia, in which you add the request that I would describe the process plainly and intelligibly, has been shown me by a friend. I

will attempt compliance the more cheerfully, as I shall at the same time be answering similar requests from individuals from different parts of the country, and regret that professional engagements have prevented my doing so before.

This is an invention or discovery of incalculable value to our Southern farmers, especially. I have so regarded it for years, and nothing but an incurable aversion to the use of the pen—which, I trust, will satisfactorily explain any want of perspicuity in this effort—has kept me from making it known to them through the public prints long ago.

The mixture used for salting, is a saturated solution of common salt, or rather Key West or Turk's Island salt, which is better, being made by solar evaporation. Cold water will dissolve as much salt as warm, and, as the injection ought to be made cold, had better be used. When the water has dissolved so much salt that it will float an egg, I think the brine is strong enough.

The best instrument for the purpose is one that will throw a continuous, uninterrupted stream. Mr. LeConte used the patient pump syringe, with elastic tube. The artery in a hog is too small to admit the extremities (usually of ivory or bone,) bought with the syringe. He therefore made and used a leaden one for the purpose.

The hog is killed by a blow on the head and bled *by cutting down to the carotid artery and opening it*. In this latter operation, the bleeding, lies the greatest difficulty of the whole process. The carotid arteries, for there are two, (I am writing for those who are presumed not to be familiar with anatomy,) lie on each side of the windpipe, and may be distinctly felt pulsating, in the human subject, by holding the head up and pressing with the fingers.

An opening made in one of these vessels will let all the blood run out that is necessary. A fat hog has a very thick and comparatively short neck, and the arteries lie deeply imbedded and difficult of access. The trouble of getting at the artery to bleed and throw in the fluid, will be found considerable. The incision to reach the artery should be made as near the head as possible. I would advise that inexperienced persons experiment first with a sheep or beef. The arteries in these lie nearer the surface, and their necks are comparatively longer.

When the hog is bled, scalded, and the hair taken off, the brine may be injected through the artery. The blood vessels can be so distended with the fluid as to bloat and swell the whole animal, but I think when the circuit has been completed that is sufficient. This can easily be determined by observing the jugular vein, which lies alongside, and in the same sheath with the artery. When the fluid flows back through the vein, the animal may be considered thoroughly salted, and may, as soon as convenient, be cut up and smoked.

More experience than I have, is required to regulate some points in the process, as, for example, how salt the brine may be made to cure the meat, and yet not be too salt to be palatable, and the proper proportion of saltpetre, or such article as may be used to give the desirable red color.

I am, with respect,
Very truly yours,
G. TROUP MAXWELL.

An honest man is the noblest work of God.

Salad for the Solitary.

With brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

THOMAS OVERBURY.

PROBLEM, for Marcus.—A traveller being asked how he had spent his summer replied. I have spent my summer months 30000 miles nearer the Sun than I ever did before. Where had he been and where was his native land?

HARRIET ELIZABETH.

Two Scotch gentlemen went to Ireland to make a tour and to see the natives. One of them, one drizzily day, bet the other the price of their dinner and a bottle of wine that the first Pat they found would be too much for them. A diminutive fellow, with an old frieze coat, and a piece of hat, was trying to plough with a pony under the shelter of a row of trees.

"Pat," said our friend.

"Yes, your honor," he replied.

"If the devil was to come just now, which one of us would he take?"

"Surely he'd take me, yer honor."

"But why, Pat?"

"Cause he'd be sure of yer honor at any time."

Mr. Foote had said that he would write a little book in which Mr. Bent should figure very largely. Mr. B. heard of this, and replied, in his characteristic way, to the informant.

"Tell Foote that I will write a very large book in which he shall not figure at all."

The "Thirty Years" will show how faithfully this promise was kept.

We always admire the answer of the man, who when asked how old he was, answered. "Just forty years, but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

A pedestrian in Ireland met a man, and asked him why the miles were so plaguey long. Pat replied: "You see, now the roads are not good, so the contractors make up for it by good measure."

A SENSIBLE MAN.—What the world calls avarice, is oftentimes no more than compulsive economy, and even a wilful penuriousness is better than wasteful extravagance. A just man, being reproached with parsimony, said that he would rather enrich his enemies after his death, than borrow of his friends in his lifetime.

A gentleman thought he'd like something painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged an Irishman for the job, who went to work and painted the hall red. Gentleman enters:

"Nice color, H., but where are the Israelites?"

"Oh, they're passed over!"

Sully, the painter, was a man distinguished for refinement of manners, as well as his success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle, who was a great favorite.

"Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant's."

"Oh, oh! Mr. Sully! how can you be rude?"

"Rude, ladies! what do you mean? I say she's got a mouth like an elephant's, because it's full of ivory."

"You look like death on a pale horse," said Jim to a toper who was growing pale and emaciated. "Don't know anything about that," replied the toper, "but I'm death on pale brandy."

Modesty in women is the charm of charms—it is like the mantle of green to nature, without which she is a desert, or a morass. It is modesty which supplies the very nerves and soul to beauty. "A fair woman without virtue," saith the Bible, "is like paled wine." It is woman's point of honor, which she can never allow to be insulted with impunity. Her honor, like the snow, is melted with the slightest touch. It is like rosewater in a beautiful glass: break but the glass, and how doth the fragrant essence embrace the dust, and lose forever its charming sweetness!

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

I tell you what, said a vender of groceries to a customer, who thought his charges rather steep, "eggs are eggs, now-a-days."

"I am glad of it," said the customer, "for the last I bought of you were half chickens."

A boy was asked one day what made him so dirty, and his reply was. "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust, and I reckon its just working out."

A Philadelphia paper says of a drunken negro who fell down a cellar-way, "His life was preserved by his striking head first."

"I presume you won't charge anything for just re-membering me," said a one-legged sailor to a wooden-leg manufacturer.

Milk that has stood for some time, should be permitted to sit down.

Business Cards.

P. SPERRY, of N. C.
A. With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRY GOODS, 46
Par' Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
W. Graydon, James Graydon, & Son, New York,
Nov. 5th.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.)

RALEIGH, N. C.
The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, or moderate terms.

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January 1st. Raleigh, N. C.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
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Grain Bags furnished on application.

JOHN DICKENSON, { ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg, } of Halifax,
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER and DEALER IN
FURNITURE, (near North Carolina Railroad.)
Greensboro, N. C.

All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottee Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c.—kept constantly on hand or made to order.

Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge*.

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